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No. 110

AN

ODE

In Imitation of *PINDAR*

ON THE

DEATH

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS

Earl of Ossory

By *K. C.*

Pindar Olymp. Od. 6.

——— Ἀκτῖνοι δ' ἀρεσσαι,
ὥστε παρ' ἀνδρῶσιν, ὅτ' ἐν ναυσὶ κόλπαις
πίμπλασι πολλοὶ ὑπ' εὐ-
μενέσσαι, κλόνον εἴπ' ἀπονάθη.

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AN ODE
ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Earl of Ossory.

I.

WHat Strains at *Pisa*, or *Ismene's* Spring,
The *Swan* that *often* sung with tuneful breath,
To his *Æolian* Harp, did sing
Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,
With Verses *cheaply* purchased by *death*:
Or rather (since to a *pious* Hero we,
Just, though *late* Oblations bring)
What Tears the *Muses Prophet Royal* shed
On *Saul's* anointed head,
And thought a *Crown* poor recompence for a *Friend*:
When by a power miraculous he
(The power of *Faith* and *Poetry*)
Upon the Clouds an *Interdict* did lay,
And bid Mount *Gilboa*
To rear his naked Back all parched to the Sky:
Such Numbers *Priestesses* of *fame* inspire,
Such *Ossory* does deserve, such *Charles* desire;
Such *Flanders* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *British* Seas require.
And ye Poetick Candidates of Fame,
If you would build a lasting Name,
This Subject choose; as the *dark Womb*
Of the old Prophets *Vital Tomb*
Could Life *restore*, so *Ossory's*, Life can *give*,
And by his *Genius* many an Age even this *dead* Verse shall *live*.

II.

II.

Then tell, ye Heavenly Sisters, ye can tell,
(For we below
In the dark *Vale* of *Hearsay* dwell,
And nothing know)
Tell when great *Ossory's enlarged* Shade
Through Heavens *Arch* his *Triumphant Entry* made,
How Noble *Brutus* ancient Race
(To shew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)
Rose up and *offer'd* the first place.
Tell how the Sainted *Hero* (whom
The *pious* Tales of *Fabulous Rome*
Greater to make have almost nothing made)
Embrac'd his Successor; and swear
The George and Garter. None worthier did his *Mystic Ensignes* wear.
Tell how the Nymphs that with *soft Silver* Oars
Ply round th' *Ebude's*, and cold *Mona's* Shoars,
Or the Seas *Oracle*, the Mouth of *Thames*,
The noble *Shanons*, or *short Liffy's* Streams,
Their *Guardian* did lament, and tear
Their Sea-green Hair,
This *second* grief to great *Pans* death th'afflicted *Nymphs* did bear.
Bid sad *Juverne* raise a Monument
As *Teneriff* high, wide as her Isles *extent*,
Bid her be sure her Title prove,
Lest her pretence as fabulous seem as lying *Crete's* to *Jove*.

III.

Nature when first commission'd brisk ad gay,
When the *blest* Earth saluted new-born Day,
And the *Worlds Eye*, the youthful *Sun*,
Unspotted with *ill Sights* his race did run,
Profuse, in Birds and Flowers her *art* did show,
She painted *then* the gawdy Bow:
But most in Man, (whom we *her Abstract* call)
She of the *precious Stuff* was prodigal:
Her Kings but few removes from *Jove*, her Princes *Hero's* all.
But now (so *sparingly* that seed th'has sown,
The Soyl *spent*, or she *covetous* grown,
Or *Vice* hath spoil'd the *Strain*, or Fate
Hath given the World for *desperate*)
Sh'hath shrunk the *short* dimensions of a Man,
And to an *Inch* reduc'd our *Span*,
A Number, an inglorious Rout,
Faint *shadows* of our Ancestors, alas! we *start* about!
And if by a mighty effort she
Produce to the world *one Ossory*,
(Like *Stars* which in our Hemisphere
Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)
So *late he* enters, so *soon* quits the Stage,
He leaves a Nation *desolate*, and *quite undoes* the Age.

IV.

IV.

Early young *Ossory* enter'd Vertues *race*,
Swiftly began, yet still *encreas'd* his pace;
And when no other Rival he could find,
Strove with *himself*, and left himself *behind*.
With *unconfirmed* steps this Prince he went
Into a *noble* Banishment,
The *Country* then of all was excellent.
But sure the Stars and Fortune have
Small influence on the *vertuous* and the *brave*;
Ev'n *Poison* turns to *wholesome* meat,
By Vertues strong *digestive* heat.
The more 'gainst *Hercules* Stepdame *Juno* strove,
The more she prov'd the *mighty Seed* of *Jove*.
The Policy of *Tiber* and the *Arne*,
The Courtship of the *Seine* and *Marne*,
What *solid serious* the sage *Hebre* hath,
And *Germany* of *ancient* faith,
With *British* Gallantry conjoyn'd,
Did in the *Chymic* Furnace of *his* Mind
A high *Elixir* make than *each* more *precious* and *refin'd*.

V.

As when the *Annual Chaos*, Winter, flies,
Whilst the *soft Pleiades* do mount the Skies,
And *Philomel* to Western gales does sing
The *Advent* of the Heaven-born Spring,
Such joy *blest Charles* did to his Subjects bring.
Then many a Hero whom no *Storms* could *shake*,
Who from his *Sufferings* did *new* courage take,
Dissolv'd in the *soft* Lap of *Pleasure* lay,
As Ice, the Winters *Child*, in a warm day
Is by the *amorous* Sunbeams *kiss'd* away.
But not so *Ossory*, *christalliz'd* his Mind
Fortune adverse did *brave*, *disdain'd* her kind.
Not *Amoret* to the *Alcove*,
Or Park the *conscious Mart* of Love,
Not so t' a Princes Cabinet with first light,
Speeds an impeached pale-fac'd *Favourite*,
As you where honourable *danger* lay,
And to the *Temple* of high fame did mark the *craggy* way.

VI.

Go, thy winged Chariot, quickly Muſe, prepare,
Lo, a vaſt Fleet conſumes the Eaſtern Air;
Her *Creature*, they great *Britains Rights* invade;
See what returns for Liberty they've made!
Viperous Brood! but *Vipers* we do find
Bely'd; Ingratitude's *proper* to Mankind.
Embarque i'th' Ship where *Oſſory* goes,
To check the *Parricidal* Foes:
Not as the Grave *Venetian* takes his way,
With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola*;
Whileſt painted *Bucentore* in ſtate does move,
And to the *Adriatic* Maid makes love.
As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,
Dreadfully gay with Light'nings pointed flame:
Unhappy they who to his embraces came,
One would have thought t'have heard his Cannon roar,
Ætna were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore;
And freed *Typhæus* a new War did move
Againſt the upper and the nether *Jove*.
The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,
In the Iſles roots they hid their Head,
And (like the *Hollanders*) agaſt from their own *Guardian* fled.

VII.

But narrow is one Element,
Compared to a well *form'd* Souls *extent*;
Narrow the ſtarry Firmament.
Fate brings (to keep the *balance* of the Age)
With *Monſters equal Hero's* on the Stage:
The *Weſtern Sultan* powerful grows,
A Torrent, all things overflows;
But *Mons* in *bloody* Characters his *fatal* limits ſhows
You checkt the Monarch in his ſwift Career,
Fierce *Luxemburg* wondred, and *learn'd* to fear;
Alas! he knew not *Oſſory* was there.
Sad the *ripe* Harveſt of his Fame he yields,
The Harveſt of ſo many *bloody* Fields.
To *merit* ſuch a Conquerour long he *grew*
And gather'd Laurels to be worn by *you*;
Curſing juſt Heaven, dropping with bloody ſweat
The ſad remains withdraws of his Defeat,
And more than all his *Victories* he valew's this *Retreat*.

VIII.

VIII.

Great *Excellence* oft proves *dangerous* to a State,
A *Comet Vertue* that's hung out by *Fate*,
To it *self* and *others* ruine does create.
But *silent* he, yet *active* as the Day,
Born to command, yet willing to obey.
Nature to him the happy temper gave,
Curteous he was as *prosp'rous Love*,
Gentle as *Venus* gentleſt *Dove*,
In fight beyond a fancied *Hero* brave.
Thou *Virgin Mother-Church*, which now doſt ride
The ſwelling *Surges* of a *double* Tide,
Safe only becauſe daſh'd on *either* ſide,
O what a Friend now in *thy day*
Hath Fate in *Oſſory* ſnatch'd away!
And ye who holy *Friendſhip* do adore,
His Equal you will never ſee, before
You *Oſſory* ſhall in Heaven rejoyn, ne're to be parted *more*.

IX.

Accurſed *Feaver*, Deaths *ſharp-poiſoned* Dart,
Accurſed *Fruit*, accurſed *Earth*,
Which to the fatal Tree gave birth;
What *Mine* of ſtrange *confuſion* have you laid
In the moſt *regular* Breaſt which ere was made!
Thoſe *Eyes*, from which ſwift Lightning once did part,
To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,
Like *waſting* Meteors now *portend*
With *blood-ſhot* Beams his own approacing end.
The Seat where *Honours Records* lay,
Where was deſign'd the fall of *Africa*,
(Scarce Heavens Decrees more firmly ſet than they)
Like Parchments in the *Fire* now *ſhrink* away.
Thoſe *Purple* Waves, which like ſt *Nile*
From his *undiſcover'd* Head
Health and *freſh Honours* on its Soil did ſhed,
And bid all *Egypt* ſmile;
Now with *Væſtvian* Waves *ſcorch* all their way,
And to the *King* o'th' *Little* World a *Mortal* Tribute pay;

His Heart.

X.

X.

Injustly we do blame the *Sovereign* Law,
Which all things to their proper *place* does draw.
Full ripe for Heaven he *spurn'd* the Earth,
The *monumental* seat of *miscall'd Birth.*
No Art, no Violence, can controle
(Though on it *Ossa* you, and *Pelion* role)
Th'ascending motion of a Heaven-born Soule.
His *Fever* like *Elias* Fiery Carre,
(Whilest the *sad Prophets* mourn him from *afar*)
Kindled his *Funeral* Pile into a *Star.*
Others may praise the Feats of mortal breath,
But I the opportunity of death.
He saw not *popular* Fury *threat* the Stage,
Nor *Epidemic Madness* seize the Age.
He *liv'd* not till his *Wreaths* did grow
Wither'd and *pale* upon his Brow,
As *Pompey* and great *Scipio.*
Few, Heavens choice Favourites, the priviledge have,
To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.
Who the *wild* passions knows of human kind,
Fortune and *false* Mortality
This truth will find,
When *wanted most* and best *belov'd* 'tis *happiest* then to *die.*

FINIS